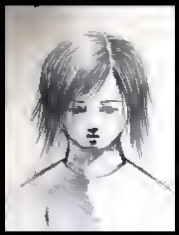
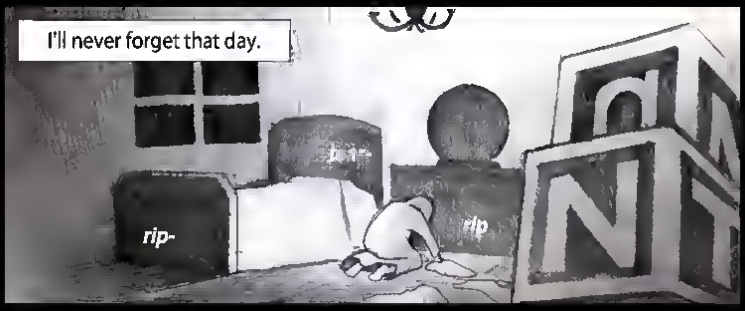
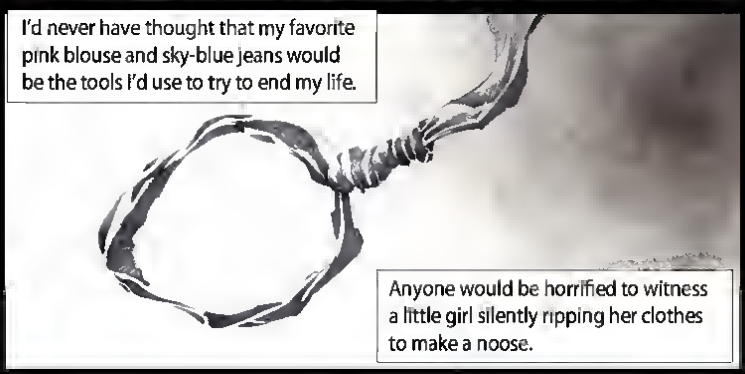
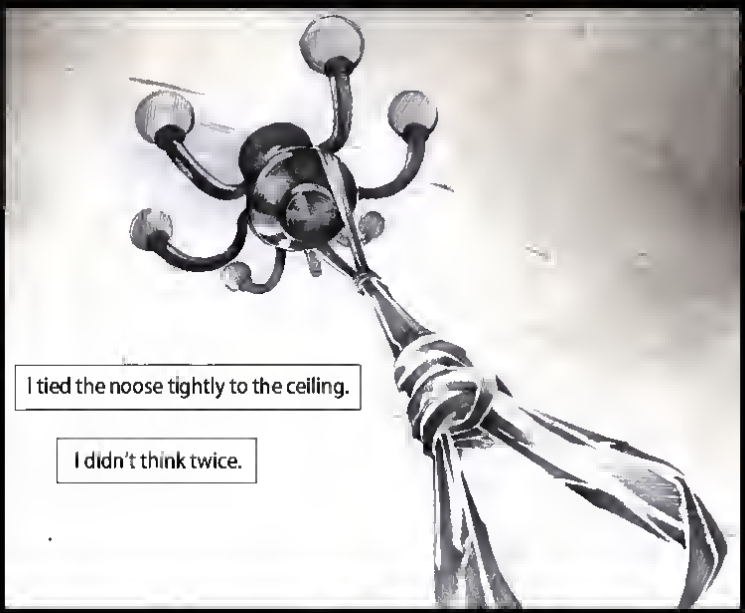


I attempted suicide for the first time at the age of 10.


I'll never forget that day.
rip-
rip

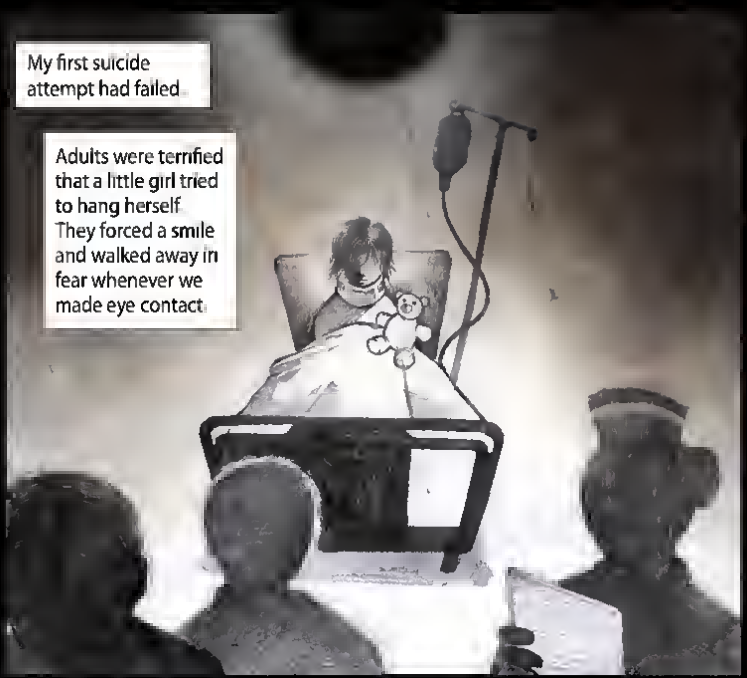

I'd never have thought that my favorite pink blouse and sky-blue jeans would be the tools I'd use to try to end my life.
Anyone would be horrified to witness a little girl silently ripping her clothes to make a noose.


I tied the noose tightly to the ceiling.
I didn't think twice.

My childlike stubbornness made the job much easier.
I had no regrets.
Then I pushed the chair down
With a thick thud, a strong pain wrapped around my neck. Soon it crept up to my head
As my vision faded, I had flashbacks of a happy life I once had in this very room.
Then I saw a figure of my father.
After working late, he returned home to this shocking scene.
I had no regrets.

HOMESICK

- 07 -


My first suicide attempt had failed.
Adults were terrified that a little girl tried to hang herself. They forced a smile and walked away in fear whenever we made eye contact.

My father never visited me.

drip

drip

drip

Age 16.

I was part of a clique that drank and abused drugs.

The only thing I remember was the raucous laughter of my so-called friends. It made me sick.

I stumbled into a random guy who was just wasted. I forcibly kissed him.

Then I slapped him.

I kissed him again.
Then I slapped him agian.

The sickness I felt faded.

I dragged this guy into my room.

He didn't know what was happening and started taking off his pants on my bed.

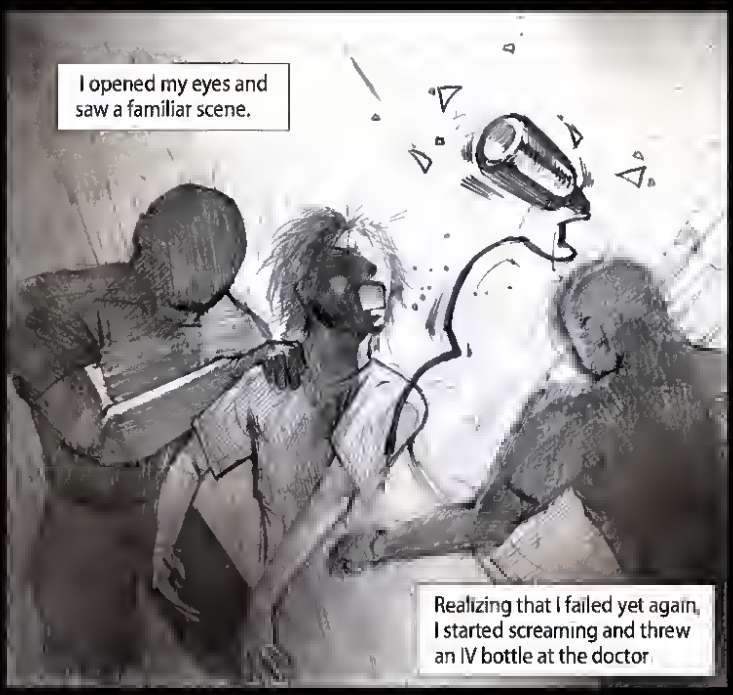
Sick.

I spit out every curse and swear word I knew and bashed him on the head.

I left the unconscious guy on the floor and threw up in the toilet.

The sickness didn't go away...

As I looked at my reflection on the mirror, I felt this sickness growing.


I opened my eyes and saw a familiar scene.
Realizing that I failed yet again, I started screaming and threw an IV bottle at the doctor.

My father never visited me.

drip

drip

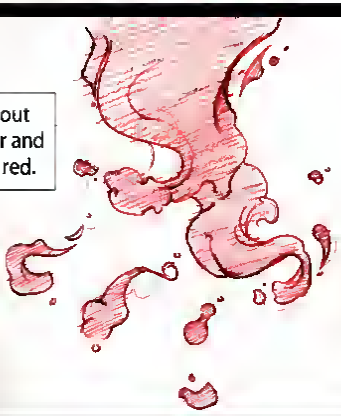
drip

Age 20.

The day I finished my psychiatric treatment.

I cut my wrist in the bathtub.

The blood seeped out slowly into the water and soon dyed the tub red.



Warm. Safe.

I relaxed inside the blood red tub and waited in anticipation for my death.

But.

The water had turned cold by the time I opened my eyes again.

My cut wasn't deep enough.

I realized I was a coward who didn't even have the courage to die.

And I realized that there was nobody who would come and rescue me anymore.

I cried.

Tears finally dripped down my face after my third suicide attempt.

Embarrassed.

Miserable.

Filled with resentment.

I didn't want to live anymore but I couldn't help it.

My tears did not stop.

The next day I agreed with my father to enter nursing school.

drip

"Thank you, Ms. Foster. That's it for today. I'll see you next Monday..."

"Yes..."

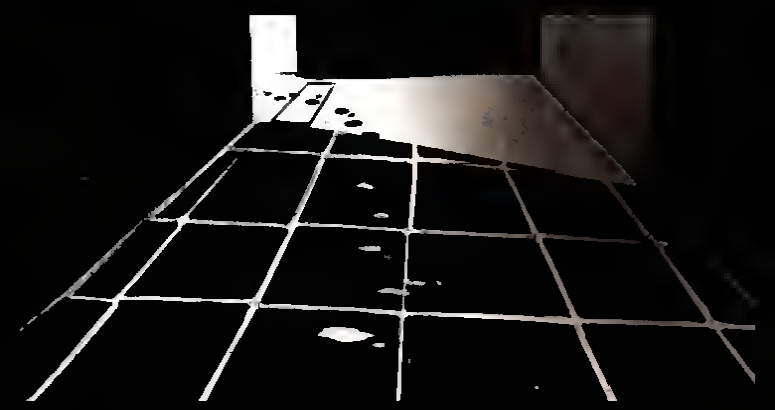
"Oh. One more thing."

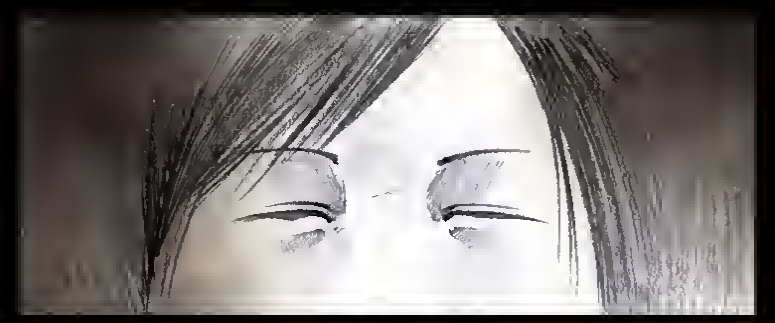
"What is it?"

"... Why did you want to die so much?"

"..."

"It's because..."





Okay. I'll help you. But I have a condition

When this is all over, please help me die.

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Homesick

Mr. Nohman